

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dom. I feare thou art another counterfeite:
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, where thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the King being in danger.*

Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gaussey hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: He to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And said the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to *Clifton*, He to *Sir Nicholas Gaussey*. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.
Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.
Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. He make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,
He crosse to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no
Boy's play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls downe
as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Than those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lies on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for ————

Prin. For *Wormes*, braue *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alieu so stout a Gentleman,
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale,
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face;
And euen in thy behalfe, I'll thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
What! Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanitie.
Death hath not stricke so far a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I fee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaff riseth vp.
Fal. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, I'll
giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
'Twas time to counterfet, or that horre *Termagant* Scot,
had paid me scot and lot too, Counterfeite? I am no coun-
terfeite to dye, is to be a counterfeite, for hee is but the
counterfeite of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeite dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be
no counterfeite, but the true and perfect image of life in-
deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
which better part, I haue saved my life. I am affraid of
this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeite too, and rise? I am affraid hee would
proue the better counterfeite: therefore I'll make him sure;
yea, and I'll sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as
well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no bodie
sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh,
come you along me. *Takes Hotspur on his backe.*

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.
Prin. Come Brother *John*, full branely hast thou bestir-
thy Maiden sword.

John. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliué?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
if I be not Iacke *Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Per-
cy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him
kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.
Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long houre by *Shrewsburie* clocke: If I may bee be-
lieued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beate
the sinne vpon their owne heads. He take't on my death
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-
liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece
of my sword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.
Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*. *Comet*

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
He gild it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is sounded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*
Fal. He follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-
wards big, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
He grow lesse? For I'll purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue
cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &
Vernon Prisoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?

And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?

Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had bene aliué this houre,

If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Berwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when hee saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *John* of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:

His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne *John*, and my Cousin *Westmerland*
Towards *Yorke* shall bend you, with your deere speed
To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.

My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

